

The Evening Times

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

Subscription Rates to Out of Town Points, Postage Prepaid.				
Morning.	Evening.	Morn. & Sund.	Ev. & Sunday.	Sunday only.
1 year, \$5.00	\$3.00	\$7.00	\$5.00	\$2.00
6 mos., 2.50	1.50	3.50	2.50	1.00
3 mos., 1.25	.75	1.75	1.25	.50
1 month, .45	.25	.60	.45	.15

Tantalus and the Legion.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and suspense has doubtless killed more cats than has care, wherefore it would seem to be in order to sympathize with those Americans of the State, War and Navy Departments whom France seeks to distinguish with Legion of Honor decorations.

At first sight it would appear that the citizens of one republic might with entire propriety accept the honors of another republic, but it is made evident that we must be wondrously cautious in these matters. Although the medals and diplomas of the Legion of Honor have arrived in this country, and it is clearly specified for whom they are intended, yet it must be a case of "hold-up" until Congress shall have authorized their acceptance. The situation thereby created is pathetic to a degree.

Imagine the wistful yearnings of the little group of Americans now waiting for permission to say "thank you" to France and to deck themselves with the red ribbon of "the Legion." Mr. Morgan, in the State Department, for instance, would be Chevalier Morgan this very minute but for the red tape and timidity surrounding the handing of the French gift. General Brooke, U. S. A., and Rear Admiral Higginson, U. S. N., would be commanders of the Legion, and a number of other army and navy officers would have commissioned rank in that Napoleonic order. They have won the honor owing to "the part played by them" in the unveiling of the Rochambeau Monument in Washington last May. Naturally, they would be proud of the decoration—but they don't get it until Congress gives the word.

Let us pity the sorrows of these—shall we say brevet?—commanders, chevaliers and officers of the French Legion of Honor. They are themselves in a position to sympathize with Tantalus. Their Legion of Honor decorations may be viewed by them at the State Department hourly, if they feel so disposed, but viewed only. They mustn't touch them in the way of wearing—they can just stand off and think how pretty they'd look with the crosses and medals and ribbons on their manly bosoms. And this is painful; so painful that Congress should be merciful and take swift action on the point at issue.

Unnecessary Iconoclasm.

The Chamber of Commerce of Valdez, Alaska, has presented New York with a totem pole, the characteristic work of the Alaskan Indians. Apropos of this, it is stated that some of the missionaries in that region have been insisting that the natives, when converted to Christianity, should destroy these relics of heathenism by fire, and that in many cases they have done so.

This is a performance wholly unnecessary, and from the point of view of the scientist and artist, inexcusable. It has resulted in the destruction of monuments of the past which cannot be replaced, and are of inestimable value in the study of anthropology. Missionaries may argue that

anthropology is of less importance than religion, but it is a fact that if some missionaries had studied science a little they would be much more successful in their line of work than they are.

Similar in its mischievousness and folly is the insistence of other missionaries that the converted Indian shall give up all of the customs of his forefathers and adopt all those of the white man. It is difficult for the unprejudiced person to see why it is any more moral or civilized to make poor shoes than good blankets, to do inferior carpenter work rather than good basket-weaving, especially as the blankets and the baskets will sell and the imitations of civilized productions will not. Doubtless there are folk who honestly believe that it would be much better for the Alaskan Indian to make veneered imitations of nineteenth century furniture than to carve totem poles after the manner of his ancestors, but it would be a good deal easier for them to believe this than to prove it.

The most successful efforts to convert barbarous people to Christianity have been those which, while eliminating the evil customs of savagery, left untouched the harmless and innocent customs handed down from generation to generation. The least successful have been those which took no account of heredity, but aimed at the transformation of the savage into a nineteenth century American Calvinist dressed according to fashion plates and living with all the modern conveniences. It has usually been found that the savage quickest to assimilate the ideas of his mentors as to dress and deportment stopped there, and was civilized skin deep and savage inside—not even a respectable savage at that.

WINNOWN OPINIONS.

The Coal Strike Situation.

BALTIMORE HERALD.—President Baer has hardened his heart yet another time, and, perhaps, like the old Egyptian king, it may be all the better for the oppressed and lead to yet better things. It is to be desired that no further clashes interfere with the coal for Washington and the coal for Baltimore. This certainly looks like railroad discrimination carried to an extreme.

The Army, Canteen.

NEW YORK SUN.—As a last stand against the restoration of the canteen, its enemies ventured on the desperate expedient of charging the War Department with suppressing reports in its favor. The War Department now denies the charge. Defense: There weren't any such reports. We may look for the return of the canteen by the grace of an enlightened Congress.

Where Is the Coal?

BALTIMORE AMERICAN.—Washington wants hard coal; so does Baltimore. Washington is getting a good supply; Baltimore is not, and the coal for Washington is carried through Baltimore. This certainly looks like railroad discrimination carried to an extreme.

Trucking to Colombia.

NEW YORK HERALD.—But why continue to truck to Colombia for the privilege of completing the ditch of death in Panama? The way to construction of the Nicaragua waterway is free from obstructions, and that—not Panama—is the canal demanded by the American people.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

Even Foolish Women Have Rights.

It comes into my mind that one Joseph Lester, of South McAlester, I. T., will be playing rather a shabby trick when he publishes some 250 love letters written to him by as many young women in answer to an advertisement which he inserted in a matrimonial agency publication. We all know, of course, that women who take in this sort of correspondence are foolish women, and it is likely that they write letters so folly-stricken that there would be many a laugh in the reading of them, but even such silly women as these have rights which we should respect. Mr. Lester now seems about to amuse the reading public at the sacrifice of his own manliness.

Penalty for Dodging a Kiss.

IN the case of Miss Jennie Keller against Henry Borrell, for \$5,000 damages, for having broken three of her ribs while trying to keep Borrell from kissing her, a Reading (Pa.) jury evidently decides that a young woman should not dodge a kiss at the risk of life and limb. To my thinking, at least, this is the significance of the verdict in favor of the defendant, leaving poor Miss Keller to whistle for \$5,000—if she is that traditionally un-lucky thing, a whistling woman. It's decidedly pathetic, isn't it, when a girl thus gets no kiss, no money, no sympathy. Her experience and her three broken ribs are all that Miss Keller seems to have gained in this instance.

The New "Sentimental Tommy."

SOME shrewd and humorous person in New York city, choosing the apt pseudonym of "Sentimental Tommy," is now advertising a readiness to write sentimental letters for women, and, it is said, is doing a rushing business. This is rather a strange fact, unless the business done by "Sentimental Tommy" is confined to illiterate females, because the woman who can write at all can write sentiment by the yard. I should have found the story far more credible if its hero had devoted himself to assisting men in their tender correspondence. A man essaying a flight of sentiment is about as unhappy and grotesque a failure as the world can produce.

Washington Jackson and His Turkey.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. In the matter of Washington Jackson, colored, of Scottsdale, Pa., and his Thanksgiving turkey, which he claims to have eaten just one Thursday too soon, through an error in his calendar, I have my suspicions that the redoubtable Washington has the greatness of a turkey "advance feed" on him.

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS.

WILLIAM SILVANO THUNDER, the Philadelphia organist, will give a recital at the Drexel Institute today. Mr. Thunder is known throughout the country as one of its greatest organists, and his recital will undoubtedly prove interesting to the music lovers of the Quaker City.

MARIE WAINWRIGHT, too, is at present appearing with her own stock company in San Francisco. Associated with her is Antoinette Walker, last season inmate of the Lafayette Stock Company in this city. Miss Wainwright has not been seen in the more important cities of the east, except for occasional performances in vaudeville, for a number of years. She is devoting her San Francisco season to her past successes.

MRS. CARTER'S brilliant success in "Da Barry" at the New York Belasco theater will be brought to a close Saturday night, when the play will go to Boston for eight weeks, afterward playing in Philadelphia for six weeks and Chicago for ten weeks. It will then be taken to London for an extended season.

JAN KUBELIK, the Bohemian violinist, who made a successful tour of this country last season, recently played before the King and Queen of England and the German Emperor at Sandringham. Upon the arrival of the party at the castle they were met in the hall by Queen Alexandra, who escorted them into the drawing room. At the queen's request, Kubelik began playing immediately. The gentlemen were having their cigars, but came into the

drawing room on hearing the music. Kubelik was highly complimented by King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Emperor William, Lord Roberts, and many others of international fame.

Beware of the Modern Girl.

THE brother of Miss Jessie Barnes, of Oakland, N. Y., should have known the modern type of athletic American girl—or, at least, his own sister—too well to have attempted a practical joke based on her supposed lack of pluck and muscle. This unhappy person tried to do the "highwayman act" when his sister was crossing a lonely bridge at night on her way to a concert. When he appeared, masked, and commanded her to "throw up" her hands, she did so, getting a firm grip on his collar and shoulder and hurling him bodily over the bridge into a rocky ravine, whence he had to be dragged by a rescue party. The moral of this is plain. Don't fool with the modern American girl unless you're looking for trouble.

Good Grounds for Complaint.

WE must all agree that the Rev. Henry C. Brown, of the Congregational Church at Bethel, Ohio, has a just cause of complaint. His church is poorly lighted with kerosene lamps, and the young folks of the surrounding country come to evening services because they can "spoon" in the semi-darkness to their hearts' content. Patient Mr. Brown didn't complain until it got so that his sermon was interrupted by repeated clamors of kissing—and then he complained good and hard, saying that it was a shame for people to behave so in a sacred edifice. Surely the reverend gentleman is right—the offenders should at least be compelled to kiss inaudibly, so as not to interrupt the legitimate proceedings of the evening.

Look Out for Anti-Fudge Riots.

PROF. CLARK, of the Northwestern University, of Chicago, has taken action calculated to lessen woefully the breezy picturesqueness of the "co-ed" girls under his charge. He has informed them that the exclamations "heavens!" and "great heavens!" are fully as profane as "damn!" and that hereafter they must use some milder word, "fudge!" for choice. Can you imagine a Northwestern University "co-ed" girl saying "fudge" when her feelings are strongly wrought upon? The good Prof. Clark is taking desperate chances when he thus bottles "em up, and "anti-fudge" riots are not at all improbable in the near future.

"TANNHAUSER" will be the bill at the Metropolitan Opera House Monday evening. The occasion promises to be unusual, as it will mark the American debut of Emil Gerhäuser, the German tenor brought over by Maurice Grau. Galski will sing Elizabeth.

MAURICE GRAU was made the defendant in a suit brought last week by Fire Commissioner Sturgis, of New York, against the Metropolitan Opera House for allowing persons to stand in the foyer behind the orchestra seats. The fire commissioner contended that the foyer, in that place, was a passage-way, and its blockade constituted a public danger. The suit was decided in favor of Mr. Grau, who claimed that inasmuch as the space had once been occupied by seats it was not a passage-way.

HARRINGTON REYNOLDS, who was a member of the Frawley Stock Company at the Columbia Theater four seasons ago, is at the head of his own stock organization in San Francisco, and tonight will open a new theater, the Republic, in that city. Harry Corson Clarke, who will be recalled as the proprietor of a stock company at the P Street playhouse last spring, is the comedian of the Reynolds' company.

RICHARD STRAUSS' symphonic poem, "Ein Heldenleben," will be performed for the first time in London December

CHAPTER VI.

The Flight.

The fugitives crouched thus for twenty minutes or more. Then, as the boat could ill spare their attention and was being driven dangerously among the ice floes, the two men seized their boats and stood up.

The Cossacks and the open country had both disappeared. Dark, gloomy hills encircled the river as far as the eye could reach.

Sandoff noted with satisfaction that the snow was still falling thickly.

"If we can reach the hut you speak of," he said to Vera, "we shall be quite safe as far as pursuit is concerned. The cold is our greatest enemy now."

"We must fight it off," replied the girl. "Even with this swift current we cannot reach the hut before tomorrow afternoon, for it lies very near the point where the Shilka and the Amur Rivers meet."

"How shall we know the place, Vera?" asked her brother.

For answer she produced a tiny scrap of paper covered with close writing. While Shamarin held a lighted match over her shoulder she read the contents aloud:

"You will pass a small island in the center of the river, on the crest of which grow four big pine trees. Just below this island, on the left bank of the river, is a narrow ravine among thickly wooded hills. Pursue this for a quarter of a mile, and you will find the hut on your right. It lies among rocks and pine trees."

"That has a cheerful and definite ring to it," remarked Sandoff. "It is a pleasant prospect to look forward to—a sheltered hut among the hills, and in a wild and desolate spot, where the Cossacks will never think of looking for us."

"Yes, that is true," said Shamarin. "The valley of the Shilka is a lonely region. If we can find this hut, we can remain there for some weeks. If we

run short of food, there is game in the forest."

Conversation gave way to silent watchfulness as the boat drifted on through the long, dark hours of the early morning. When daylight came the misty outlines of the hilly shores showed dimly through the driving snow.

There was little to be feared from the Cossacks under such circumstances, so the fugitive continued to float down the center of the stream, keeping a sharp lookout, nevertheless, on each bank.

Soon after noon an island bore in sight in midstream. Four big pine trees stood on its crest, and when they had passed this and driven the boat far to the left shore, a dark, narrow ravine was visible, with wooded hills on each side. This was the place, beyond doubt, so they landed on the rim of firm ice, and were about to send the boat adrift when Sandoff interfered.

"We had better make sure, first, that the cabin is here," he said. "I will go up the valley and search for it. If I am successful I will give a sharp whistle. Then throw the boat bottom up—so that the Cossacks, if they find it, will think we have perished—and send it adrift. Then follow my footsteps up the ravine."

This wise plan was carried out. The others watched Sandoff as he poded up the ravine, almost waist deep in the drifted snow, and ten minutes later a shrill whistle came distinctly to their ears. Taking out the bundles, they cast the boat adrift, bottom up, and followed the path Sandoff had taken.

Vera's information proved to be correct. Slightly more than a quarter of a mile from the river they met Sandoff just starting back to meet them.

"Yes, I have found the hut," he said. "It is close by, and in a splendid location."

He led them on, for a few yards, and then turned up the hill to a thick cluster of pine trees and scattered rocks. In the very center of this was what they sought—a small, square cabin, strongly

"Of Making Many Books

There Is No End."

Christy's Anachronisms.

Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations to Mr. Riley's poem, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," may be all right, but it nevertheless remains a fact that he makes the wealth of that sweetheart wear a gown and coiffure of the vintage of 1902, when the poem does not warrant such an innovation.

Reminiscences of Elmsmark.

Some personal reminiscences of Elmsmark are to be published by Sidney Whitman, who became acquainted with the great chancellor soon after his retirement from office.

A Cornell Professor.

Prof. Wilder, of Cornell, to whom Elizabeth Cady Stanton bequeathed her brain for his laboratory, is one of the few professors of the original faculty who are left in the college. He has added to the fame of the institution by his researches in anatomy, and to the gaiety of student life by his collections of cats for experiments in physiology classes. He used to have a cat house on the campus, which he kept filled by the aid of small boys, who were paid 10 cents per cat. A favorite amusement of the students was to let the animals out for a lark, and a Cornell song, sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body," runs in this fashion:

Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats,
Old Dr. Wilder went a-prowling after cats.

Mr. Haggard's New Novel.

A new novel by Rider Haggard is to appear, under the title "Stella Frigolius."

A Rare Copy of Shakespeare.

A story of an early folio of Shakespeare is going the rounds of London. A man named Wildman left the book at a book shop to be sold, under the impression that it would bring about a hundred pounds. On investigation it was found to be of the rare 1662 edition, bearing the imprint of Thomas Costes and John Smethwicke. Such a copy is worth nearly seven hundred pounds. The firm promptly sent out circulars to their customers in England and America, but when the owner heard of the value of the book he stopped the sale. The merchants set unattainably claim that they ought to have something for their trouble.

The Migration of Mr. Johnson.

Burgess Johnson, literary adviser to the Putnam, will soon sever his connection with that firm and go to Mexico in the interests of "Leslie's Weekly."

Some Ancient Art.

Two caverns have been discovered in the Dordogne, with walls covered with drawings of the Stone Age; and the minister of public instruction commissioned two scientists, M. Cartailhac and M. Breuil, to explore the famous Spanish cavern of Altamira, near Santillana del Mar, in the Santander province. A Madrid paper says that they have discovered drawings of extraordinary importance on the walls of this cavern. Some cut in rock, others worked on bone by a silex at white heat. They have taken many copies of these drawings, and the result of their explorations will doubtless be given in detail to the public in course of time.

A Veteran Scientist.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, has been a professor in that institution for nearly thirty years. He is now sixty-five years old, and his birthplace was the same house in which Benedict Arnold was born.

Dr. Hale on Old Age Pensions.

Edward Everett Hale has been expressing himself on the subject of old age pensions, of which he highly approves. One of his arguments is that every man who has paid his poll tax un-

til he reaches the age of seventy has paid, if the amount be reckoned at compound interest, enough to give him a small pension for several years; and when the number of men who die before that age is compared with those who need the pension, it becomes evident that from this source alone there is enough money to provide old age pensions wherever necessary.

The Large Family.

It is proposed that a reunion of all persons of the name of Smith be held in Delaware next summer. When Hopkinson Smith heard of this he said:

"Delaware! What a mistake! They should have selected Texas." And it is possible that even Texas would not hold them all.

AS THE LEAVES FLOAT DOWN

"Now watch," she said, "how the leaves float down."

Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Yellow, and crimson, and gold, and brown.

Through shadow and sunlight shifting,
And the gray old earth receives them all,
As each to her warm heart presses.
For she is the Mother; they hear her call.

And answer with soft caresses:

"Oh, Mother, our Mother, too long,
We wait—
The length of the seasons' summing—
We have strayed from your bosom, but
We are coming, coming, coming."

"Now watch," she said, "how our lives drift on."

Flowing, ebbing, flowing;
Cheery, and dreary, and glad, and wan,
Going—ah, whither?—going.

But the gray old earth serenely waits,
For she knows we will seek none other;
When the winter of death is at our gates
We will turn to the dear All Mother:

"Oh, Mother, our Mother, too long,
We wait—
While the mills of fate were humming,
We have turned from your side to the
heedless throng—
We are coming, coming, coming."

The tides swing in, and the tides swing out—
She whispers no more unto me—
I walk with faith to run with doubt,
And the dreams that I build unto me;
The fondest hopes in failures end,
Each chasing a ghostly other,
But still she waiteth, the changeless friend,
And I turn to the dear All Mother.

Oh, Mother, my Mother, whose constant love
The total of loves is summing,
The way is rugged where now I rove—
I am coming, coming, coming.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in New York Times.

JESTS IN SEASON.

Wanted a Man Saturday.

New York Tribune.
Robinson Crusoe had just named his man Friday when he was ready to kick himself all over the island.
"What a fool!" he exclaimed. "If I had called him Saturday I'd have had a day every day of the week."
Subsequently, however, the royalties on his book more than covered his loss.

The Limit.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"They are the most stupid fellows I ever knew."
"I guess you never met an New Orleans policeman."

Not Altogether Free.

New York Sun.
"I was sorry to hear you were in a free fight, Patrick."
"Free fight, indeed, yer Riverine! Faith an' it's five dollars it cost me at court."

THE CAPTIVES OF THE CZAR A Stirring Novel of Siberian Exile By WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

(Copyright by Frank A. Munsey.)

SYNOPSIS.

Victor Sandoff at the age of thirty is head of the Russian Secret Service, succeeding his father, whose assassination by nihilists he seeks to avenge.

One night, in pursuit of a noted nihilist named Shamarin, he is himself captured, but is released by Vera Shamarin, sister of the nihilist, on condition that he will swear to grant her an equal favor on demand. Her opportunity comes a year later, when the police are again close on the trail of her brother. At Vera's demand Victor gives her a passport for her brother. But the plot is overheard by the Russian lieutenant, Zamose, who, already plotting Victor's downfall, gladly seizes this opportunity to denounce him. Shamarin and his sister are captured and sent to Siberia, within ten days later Victor follows them.

Two years pass, when Victor and Shamarin meet in the same prison, Shamarin, supposing that Victor had betrayed him, assaults him, but regrets his rash act on learning that Victor's plight is owing to what he has done for Vera and himself. Shamarin and Victor, as a punishment for fighting, are chained to their barrows and ordered to work remote from the others, under charge of a Cossack, at a place where the ground is particularly hard. Here Vera, who has escaped, is able to communicate with them and to furnish tools to assist them to break out that night and join her. They overtake a sentinel, Sandoff assuming his uniform and rifle, and meet Vera as agreed, just as the booming cannon announces that their escape is discovered. Vera now learns that her brother's companion is Sandoff, and she tells how she was assisted in her own escape by friends. Acting on information which Vera has received, they push forward to the Shilka River, and find a boat which they launch in the ice-filled river, just as a pursuing troop of Cossacks appears and unloading rifles.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Down the Shilka.

THE boat was now well toward the other shore, and some distance down stream, but still within range. Just as the fugitives dropped "at by Sandoff's hurried command, a straggling volley was fired, and the leaden bullets plowed into the ice cakes and splashed in the patches of black

water. But the boat was untouched. A moment later the current swept it around the curve, and the danger was past for the present.

"Now head it straight—straight with the tide," said Sandoff. "There! That's it. Let it take its own course now. All we need do is to keep it trim and fend off the ice."

The Shilka was at this point less than a quarter of a mile wide and the fugitives saw with delight steep ridges falling sheer into the water on each side of them.

"If this keeps up," said Shamarin, "and if the snowstorm lasts and grows heavier, as it shows promise of doing, the Cossacks will be compelled to give up the chase. That is one advantage of escaping in the dead of winter—the troops are useless during and after a heavy snowfall."

The snow was indeed coming down more rapidly, and in small, thick flakes that bedded long continuance. The fugitives began to suffer terribly from cold.

More peril was close at hand, in spite of predictions to the contrary. The boat stuck for a time on a projecting reef of rocks, and when it finally floated off again and had passed down stream for a half a mile or so the steep banks suddenly fell away. Though a continuation of them was visible some distance off, in the interval was a stretch of open country. As the boat drifted out from the shadow of the hills the ominous thud of hoofs was heard a second time, and down a slight declivity rode the Cossacks at full speed. The reluctant pursuers had made a circuit and ridden hard to cut the fugitives off. The officer in command came down close to the water's edge, and, decrying the approaching boat, he made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, hoarsely:

"Come in here at once, you dogs! If you refuse, we will riddle you with bullets."

"Don't reply," whispered Sandoff to his companions. "The situation is critical, but not altogether hopeless. For my part I prefer the chances of being shot to giving myself up. You know what lies in store for us if we are taken."

"We will go ahead by all means," whispered Shamarin, and Vera was of the same mind, showing not a particle of fear.

So, without deigning to answer the Cossack, who had by this time repeated his threat, the fugitives dropped below the gunwales and the boat was allowed to take its own course.

For half a minute there was a deep silence, and then the valley echoed with ringing reports. Crack!—crack!—crack!—crack!—crack! So it continued intermittently as the Cossacks quickly loaded and fired, and the boat drifted on its course with provoking slowness. It was a terrible ordeal through which the three cowering figures were passing. Three hissing bullets fell everywhere, plowing furrows and holes in the ice cakes, splashing water over the sides of the boat, and not infrequently imbedding themselves in the timbers of the little craft. Had it been closer to the left shore none of its inmates could have escaped, for the Cossacks were fair marksmen and kept up the fusillade with untiring persistency. Fortunately no bullets struck very close to the water, line, but Sandoff was grazed on the thigh and had his cap shot off, while Shamarin was hit in the fleshy part of his left arm.

At last the firing became less continuous, dwindling down to a few stray shots. When a full minute passed in silence, Sandoff ventured to lift his head, and saw that the boat had once more passed into the shadow of the overhanging hills. He drew his head back, cautioning his companions to do the same, for if they could put the Cossacks under the impression that all three had been killed it would greatly increase their chances of ultimate escape.

run short of food, there is game in the forest."

Conversation gave way to silent watchfulness as the boat drifted on through the long, dark hours of the early morning. When daylight came the misty outlines of the hilly shores showed dimly through the driving snow.

There was little to be feared from the Cossacks under such circumstances, so the fugitive continued to float down the center of the stream, keeping a sharp lookout, nevertheless, on each bank.

Soon after noon an island bore in sight in midstream. Four big pine trees stood on its crest, and when they had passed this and driven the boat far to the left shore, a dark, narrow ravine was visible, with wooded hills on each side. This was the place, beyond doubt, so they landed on the rim of firm ice, and were about to send the boat adrift when Sandoff interfered.

"We had better make sure, first, that the cabin is here," he said. "I will go up the valley and search for it. If I am successful I will give a sharp whistle. Then throw the boat bottom up—so that the Cossacks, if they find it, will think we have perished—and send it adrift. Then follow my footsteps up the ravine."

This wise plan was carried out. The others watched Sandoff as he poded up the ravine, almost waist deep in the drifted snow, and ten minutes later a shrill whistle came distinctly to their ears. Taking out the bundles, they cast the boat adrift, bottom up, and followed the path Sandoff had taken.

Vera's information proved to be correct. Slightly more than a quarter of a mile from the river they met Sandoff just starting back to meet them.

"Yes, I have found the hut," he said. "It is close by, and in a splendid location."

He led them on, for a few yards, and then turned up the hill to a thick cluster of pine trees and scattered rocks. In the very center of this was what they sought—a small, square cabin, strongly

run short of food, there is game in the forest."